

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 3.

J. J. BURKE,  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning Sep. 18, 1890.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR  
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

REMNANT SALE DURING SEPTEMBER AT C. O. FOLTZ

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE,  
TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
No. 5, 5:07 P. M.	No. 2, 4:45 A. M.	No. 3, 4:45 A. M.	No. 6, 11:30 A. M.
No. 7, 10:38 A. M.	No. 4, 6:45 A. M.	No. 5, 6:45 P. M.	No. 8, 6:45 P. M.
No. 8, 7:10 P. M.	No. 6, 8:45 A. M.	No. 7, 8:45 P. M.	No. 9, 12:30 A. M.
No. 9, 12:30 A. M.	No. 8, 10:35 A. M.	No. 10, 7:35 A. M.	No. 11, 12:30 P. M.

TRAIN'S GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.  
Reference mark \* Stop on signal.  
During the Summer season, all of the above trains, run daily between Chicago and Waukegan, except the Milk train, Nos. 9 and 10.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

L. W. LEWIS,  
JEWELER,  
AT C. O. FOLTZ,  
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

DISCIPLE CHURCH,  
Regular services will be held at the Disciple Church every Sunday. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. by Elder Holloman. Sunday School at 10:15 A. M.

Antioch Home News.

James Quinn, of Richmond was in our village Saturday.

Farmers are all busy cutting corn to get it out of the way of the frost.

Miss Mary Haas, of Burlington was visiting with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Dardis the fore part of the week.

Miss Alice Foltz, of Burlington, has been visiting with her brother's family in this village for the past few days.

Don't fail to take in the free entertainment given by the Modern Woodmen at Rogers' hall next Friday evening Sep. 26th.

The walls of the first story of Williams Bros. new store are about completed and the massive framework or posts under the joist are up, and work on the second story will be rapidly pushed along.

The Chic Perkins Comedy Company closed a very successful week's engagement at Rogers' hall Saturday evening and have gone to Libertyville where they will play this week. The company gave very general satisfaction here, and should they ever again visit the town, they will receive a cordial welcome.

Mr. Cashmore, the Antioch brick maker, especially distinguished himself by turning out a kiln of really excellent brick recently, which are being used on Williams Bros. store. The brick are uniform in size, hard and smooth and are considered by the builders superior in quality to most of the brick manufactured in this part of the state.

Bock & Barnstable of Antioch, purchased of Martin Tourtelotte, the three year old stallion, O'Plain Chief, dam McNeal Mare by Ward Horse, he by Pike's Messenger. The sire Sankey, full brother to Moody, record 2:18½ by Swigert. It is a bay horse showing good action and giving promise of entering the 2:30 list, with very little training. The Antioch lovers of horseflesh will do well to call and take a look at this well-bred and finely built colt.

Bristol Correspondence, Sep. 4th.

One of the pleasant social events that bind pupils and teacher together in bonds of unity and friendship occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Welch last Saturday, in which about 30 of the former pupils of Miss Tina, from the Jones school, together with a few from her present school, (the Fox Lake) paid her a visit and took a trip around the lakes to the many points of interest.

Returning in the evening with appetites whetted to a keen relish the youngsters sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared for them by their hostess, after which they repaired to the sitting room and passed a few pleasant hours enlivened by music, songs and recitations which were very finely rendered. About 9 P. M. they departed for their several homes, having had a pleasant visit and one long to be remembered.

George Earing of Richmond was in our village Wednesday.

Frequent showers of rain visited this locality the fore part of the week.

Work on R. D. Emmons' new building has been rapidly pushed along and the building will soon be ready for occupancy.

We have had several heavy white frosts within the past week, which reminds us that Summer has flown and winter will soon be on hand.

Chinn & Udell shipped a car-load of fat sheep to the city on last Tuesday night. We understand the market for sheep is slightly on the raise.

Postmaster Simons returned home Sunday, after a two weeks pleasure trip to the lakes in northern Wisconsin, greatly improved in health, and reports having had a fine time.

The News is indebted to Postmaster Simons for a savory fry of Muskallonge, caught in the northern lakes. It must be fun to capture such fine fish, anyhow we are willing to testify that they make a fine fry.

Mrs. Frank Williams, has been visiting with friends in Milwaukee, for the past week, and had the pleasure of meeting with her brother whom she had not seen for over 20 years. She writes home that she is having a fine time and fully enjoying her visit.

Miss Lillie Ames who has been quite ill for over a year past, was very low the latter part of the week and her brothers from Pennsylvania were telegraphed for, and arrived Saturday. At the present time, (Tuesday) she is resting somewhat easier but is quite low, with slight chance for recovery.

G. M. Cyrus, founder of the Waukegan Record, has sold his interest in the paper to his partner, Lewis B. Hibbard who will continue to run it in the interest of Waukegan, and Lake County in general. The Record is a good, clean, newsy sheet, and one of our most valued exchanges. Success Bro. Hibbard, is the Worst we wish you.

Ida M. Fenkel, of Waukegan, is duly authorized to represent the News in and around Waukegan, and will receive subscriptions for the same. We are pleased to note that she is meeting with good success in this line. Business men and others who wish to keep posted on what is transpiring in the Western end of the county, as well as all important events in and around Waukegan, should hand a dollar to Miss Fenkel for a years subscription to the News.

Jeweler Lewis started for El Paso last Thursday, to visit with his parents, and returned here Monday with a new stock of Watches and Silverware, purchased in Chicago.

He reports having had a pleasant visit, and says that El Paso has

grown larger by one dwelling house

since he left there last June.

Of course such slow growth appears very small to Mr. Lewis as compared with the number of buildings erected here since he became a resident of our village.

Judging from the way the board of under-writers representing the leading Insurance Companies of the United States have raised the insurance premiums in this village, it will be but a little while until builders discard lumber for brick etc., in all the business houses erected here in the future. At the present time the insurance on the Rogers' block of buildings is fixed at five per cent per annum on buildings, and four per cent on contents. On Williams Bros. new store, the rate will be one per cent per annum; surely a telling argument in favor of brick buildings for business purposes.

The Amateur Band boys will visit the Libertyville Fair, Friday, with a six team bus driven by Hyatt Frost, manager of the Lake Villa Stage Line. The boys will in all probability wake Libertyville up when they get there.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.  
Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor as follows:

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1... 12:45 a. m.	No. 2... 4:32 a. m.
No. 3... 10:45 a. m.	No. 4... 1:03 a. m.
No. 5... 10:45 a. m.	No. 6... 1:03 p. m.
No. 7... 10:45 a. m.	No. 8... 1:30 p. m.
No. 9... 1:30 p. m.	No. 10... 7:26 a. m.

\* Trains stop on signal only.

+ Trains do not stop for passengers. Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday night. Through tickets furnished at lowest rates. For further information enquire of Agent.

GEORGE SHAFER, Agent.

TREVOR, WIS.

G. H. Booth shipped more sheep for feeding purposes last week from Chicago.

There is quite a sensational story on oats at Salem and there are several interested in the same.

Water is getting scarce for stock and fall feed. Corn is ripening fast and promises a better crop than was anticipated.

Sam Stewart found a bee tree last week while cutting corn. He has some very fine pigs of the Victoria breed for sale, from registered stock.

The Democrats held a caucus last Friday for the purpose of choosing delegates to attend the County Convention to be held at the city of Kenosha.

There was a band of sheep shipped from Washington a few days ago the freight on which was \$3,200 and more are on the way shipped by the same party.

There was a game called Base Ball played by two picked nines at Trevor last week (a remarkable game) both sides making nearly one hundred tallies in the aggregate.

Dr. Ray Thynier came up from Chicago to spend the sabbath with his father and got kicked in the face by a colt. His upper front teeth were all loosened and his jaw was broken. Dr. Kurk of Antioch was wired for and dressed his wounds.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Mr. Eli Sherman is very sick.

Picnic at Twin lakes from Silver Lake last Tuesday.

Mrs. G. H. Stockwell and Mrs. Lelin Runkell visited in Genoa Wednesday.

Miss Jennie Forde from the Silver Lake house took a trip to Chicago Thursday.

Edna Foster was quite sick last week but under Dr. Bacon's care is rapidly recovering.

Salem is getting to be a very lively town for its size. Lots of excitement there every day.

They say Paul Knasting is going to take a rest for three months in jail in Kenosha for stealing oats and selling them.

Mrs. Herman Zuhde who has been sick for so long is slowly recovering under the care of Dr. L. Hamm of Burlington.

We are very sorry to announce the death of Maud Holiday, who died at her home in Brighton Wis. Sept. 12, age about 11 years. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community.

Dearest Maude we must leave thee  
In the peaceful grave's embrace  
But thy memory will be cherished  
Till we see thy heavenly face.

Wadsworth Department.

WANTED at Wadsworth:— 2,000 farmers to haul produce to Wadsworth, where they will get the highest market price. 2,000 teams to

haul away flour, feed, coal and salt. 2,000 handsome babies to fill baby chairs, at our Willow and Rattan factory.— 2,000 meat eaters at our butcher-shop to eat all kinds of good meats which they keep in stock.— 2,000 teams needing shoeing at our blacksmith shop, where they forge anything from a car bumper to a cambric needle.— 2,000 men to unload schooners and cigar boxes, at our temperance "board of trade."— 4,000 readers for the WADSWORTH BLACK BIRD.— 10,000 agents to handle the Maud S. Curry Comb, that is receiving orders daily; so much for a good thing, and the use of printers ink.— 2,000 men and boys to buy hats, caps, coats and pants, from our merchants who keep a large stock of everything needed to dress men like dudes, and women and babies as neat as a bumble-bee in a band-box.— P. S.— Wanted a printers "devil" one is enough.

BLACK BIRD PRECEPTS.

Fools make feasts, wise-men eat them.

Fools see more than is for their good.

Fools speak more than is good for them.

Wise-men hear, see and speak nothing but their own good.

Boys like to run after girls; girls admire vest patterns and mustaches.

When fools reign, wise-men tremble.

When baby cries, dad is cross.

Never tell a man he lies—you may need someone to pick you up.

Never knock a man's hat off until you are ready to run.

When young it took much to throw me—now old I fall easily without the aid of any one.

GRASS LAKE ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The Misses Stevens have returned from their vacation.

We are having some new style brick side-walks laid here.

A new restaurant can now be found in the Opera House Block.

The revival meetings at the Christian Chapel are being well attended.

The Waukegan Trotting Fair was not as much of a success as was anticipated.

The death of Mrs. Dennis Murr,

occurring a week ago, cast a gloom over our city.

There is to be a new store erected on Washington St. for H. J. Slyfield, at a cost of \$4,000.

Waukegan is represented at Lake Forest, there being eighteen students attending the University.

John C. Donnelly, the Democratic nominee for Representative of this district was in town Thursday.

Some of the R. J. Douglas boat

factory men are having a vacation, while the firm are taking stock.

The Chicago Times has written

up this city to the extent of a page, and illustrated some of our prominent buildings.

The Board of Supervisors convened last week and was in session during the week. They have not given their report yet.

At a meeting of the Building and

Loan Association last Wednesday,

three building loans were made aggregating \$1700.

Miss May Arnold was one of the delegates to the Evanston Temperance meeting last week and has since visited there and at Wilmette.

Lewis B. Hibbard assumes sole

proprietorship of the Waukegan

Record. C. M. Cyrus gracefully re-

tiring, having made a host of friends.

The News is so well liked here

sample copies having reached so

many people that the agent finds

ready subscribers, who would be un-

willing to be in ignorance of what

is transpiring in Antioch and vicin-

ity.

States Attorney Heydecker intends to thoroughly post himself it appears, by the array of new volumes pertaining

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Sixteen soldiers of a German regiment have been sentenced to several years' imprisonment in a fortress for refusing to obey the orders of their captain. All the malcontents are socialists.

The cigar box factory of Frederick Urich in Philadelphia, was burned. Loss, \$30,000 insurance, \$20,000.

Mr. McGrath, a well-to-do member of the National League, has been murdered in Hungary, Ireland, by miners who resented his sheltering an exiled farmer with whom they had quarreled.

An unknown man was caught in the fly-wheel of an engine at the North Chicago rolling-mills at South Chicago, Ill. He was thrown against the wall with such force as to kill him instantly. He was probably a tramp who had strayed into the building.

The Rev. William H. Miles, President of the Jesuit's College in New Orleans, died of apoplexy just after retiring from the pulpit at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

In a drunken quarrel in South Chicago, Ill., Joseph Wrzadlo was stabbed and instantly killed by Joseph Tyslowski. The latter was arrested.

Forces of the sultan of Morocco have had a battle with the Zemoures, in which the latter were defeated with a heavy loss in killed and wounded. The Zemoures were taken by surprise and completely routed. Their chief, Chamoun, was captured by the sultan's troops.

At a ball given near New Iberia, La., Victor Miguez and a man named Rodriguez became involved in a quarrel during which Rodriguez shot Miguez through the heart, instantly killing him, whereupon a brother of Miguez shot and fatally wounded Rodriguez.

A sudden rise in the Gauley River, W. Va., broke loose an immense fleet of loaded coal barges. Thirty were scattered and nearly all broken and piled together. The dam is nearly ruined and navigation will be suspended some time. The loss is \$25,000.

Eleven men from the sealing schooner White, who lost their vessel in a fog in Behring sea, have arrived safely in San Francisco.

A great well of natural gas has been struck on a farm five miles southeast of Ottumwa, Iowa.

A seven-foot freshet exists in the Hudson River and grave fears are expressed for the safety of the State dams, six miles north of Albany at head of navigation. This far this month the rainfall has been 7-1-1 inches. The average monthly rainfall is 4-1-1 inches.

An attempt was made at Marshalltown, Iowa, to assassinate Detective J. C. Burkes, who figured so prominently in the notorious Hauberg and Henry Johns murder cases in Hardin County, Iowa.

Robert Ray Hamilton, whose trouble with his wife and the latter's sentence to the penitentiary on the charge of attempting to kill him were the talk of the country a year or more ago, met an accidental death three weeks ago, by drowning in Snake River, Idaho.

By a strict party vote the U. S. senate passed the tariff bill; yeas, 40, nays, 22.

Mrs. Maybrick, who is a prisoner for life for the poisoning of her husband, has just finished her year of solitary confinement, with which her punishment was ordered to begin in an English prison.

In Valencia, Spain, twenty-four new cases of cholera and seven deaths from the disease were reported on one day.

At a meeting of the Board of Poor Law Guardians in Limerick, Ireland, report was received saying that the potato crop was totally destroyed.

A fire started in Butterfield's mill, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on the Canadian side of the Soo, and for a time the whole town was threatened, but by hard work and assistance from this side the fire was extinguished, being confined to the mill and lumber-yards. Loss, \$10,000.

The dead body of a female infant was found under a wash bowl in the ladies' toilet-room in the Union depot, Chicago. The child had no clothing on it and no trace of a mother could be found. The body was taken to a morgue and an inquest will be held.

Charles Orig, colored, killed his wife Annie, in Cincinnati, by cutting her throat with a pocket knife. He gave himself up and told the police that he tried to find her on the previous night to kill her, but he could not. She came home the next morning and he at once carried out his purpose.

Patrick Ward, who has only been in this country a short time, has boarded, since his arrival, with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gorman in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was stabbed by Gorman in a dispute over a board bill. He cannot live.

A warrant was issued for W. A. Sellars, postmaster at Lebanon, Columbus county, N. C., on charge of embezzlement and making false returns of cancellation of stamps. He is \$200 short. Sellars has fled the State.

The citizens of Canisteo, N. Y., were aroused at 4 o'clock in the morning by the ringing of fire-alarm bells, and found the village partially flooded, the water being from one to three feet in depth. It rained all night in a perfect torrent. The creeks ran over their banks.

Edward Stump returned home unexpectedly, to Sidney, O., and finding his wife and Town Marshal Ilames occupying the same room pulled a revolver and attempted to shoot Ilames, but the revolver would not go off and he then drew a knife and plunged it into Ilames' side, making a fatal wound.

William Enos, a bakery man of Indianapolis, came to Des Moines, Ia., in search of his wife, who had run away with one of his clerks, C. S. Shaff, taking with her, it is alleged, the contents of the money drawer, \$170. The eloping couple were found at a hotel and arrested.

Judge Rice at Wilkesbarre, Pa., overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of George W. Moss, the wife-murderer, and sentenced the prisoner to be hanged.

Dr. R. E. Everhart and Edward Flynn were arrested at Clinton, Ia., because of the death of a young woman named Anna Yaught under suspicious circumstances. She is thought to have been a victim of malpractice.

There is a renewal of the recent disastrous floods in Austria. The pressure of water caused a dike to burst at Newburg, and a number of cornfields were inundated. An iron bridge at Pressburg has been washed away. Twenty persons were drowned by the recent floods in Bohemia.

John Cerney, of Plymouth, N. Y., aged fifty years, shot himself through the heart.

A construction train was wrecked near Arens, Idaho. The engine left the track and ran some distance on the ties, finally upsetting into the ditch. The fireman and one laborer were killed. A number of laborers were seriously hurt, several of whom, it is thought, will die. The engineer and brakeman were badly injured.

Dr. William F. Bishop, of Champaign, Ill., fell from a "Big Four" train at Larue, O., and was killed.

Out of eighteen passing seafarers who lost their schooner in the fog, the Steamer Harluk landed safe at San Francisco. The other men are supposed to have perished.

A recent statement by Fred Dupree, the squaw man of South Dakota, who is reported to be worth \$100,000, that he would some young business man \$10,000 to take in marriage his half-blood daughter, has brought a flood of letters from those who desire the dusky maiden and the money.

John Thornton, 12 years old, of St. Joseph, Mo., committed suicide by taking strichine, which he had sprinkled on the heart of a watermelon.

The claim of Mrs. A. C. Dubois, of Fort Dodge, Ia., against the Illinois Central road for damages on account of the death of her husband in the Aptington wreck last fall has been settled. Mrs. Dubois receiving \$4,500.

Dr. James E. Rogers was fatally shot by William F. Boyd, at Asheville, N. C. Rogers received three balls in his head and died in three-quarters of an hour. Because of the shooting was a dispute about the payment of a bill due to Rogers by Boyd. Boyd was committed to jail.

Fire destroyed the business portion of Park City, which is the principal mining camp in Utah.

Albert Jordan, a San Francisco saloon-keeper, tried to kill his wife and himself. The woman will probably recover, but the man will die.

At Pinville, Ky., Policeman George Covert was shot and mortally wounded. William Goodlin and Harvey King have been arrested on the charge of committing the crime.

William Stewart and J. Reeves were robbed and thrown from a freight car near Loudonville, O., by tramps. Stewart is terribly injured. Reeves has not been found and is believed to have been killed.

John White, a dock laborer, was ground to death under the wheels of a Chicago & Northwestern car in Chicago.

The Blighton, N. Y., cigar manufacturers are making wholesale arrests among their striking employees.

Carl G. Heuter, a German 58 years old, was found dead hanging from a rafter in the shed at the rear of his home in Chicago. The son of the suicide went out to the shed and found his parent had committed suicide. Heuter leaves a wife in the old country.

An 18-year-old girl who worked as a domestic on North Clark street, Chicago, was asphyxiated. When she retired she evidently blew out the gas. She was found dead unconscious at 8 o'clock next morning. She died about noon.

J. W. Brees, one of Michigan's most prominent lawyers and wealthy citizens, died at Kalamazoo, Mich., aged 67.

Laura Horn, living in Hoboken, N. J., committed suicide by hanging herself. Her father, Frederick Horn, was so overcome with grief that he shot himself in the head with a pistol and inflicted a wound from which he will die.

The Chemung River is again rising. The damage in Elmira, N. Y., and vicinity is enormous, and cannot yet be estimated. The Erie yards have been blocked; no trains being able to pass over the Susquehanna division.

W. H. Medhurst, whose jewels were seized by the custom officers on his arrival at New York from England, was only joking. The jewels, which he said were worth \$20,000, proved to be paste and only worth \$5.

Thousands of people passed the blower which the body of Judge Christy lay in state in the capital rotunda of Lansing, Mich. The remains were interred in Mount Hope Cemetery.

No. 1 Allouez mine shaft at Calumet, Mich., was totally destroyed by fire. The "ship" was 90 feet from the surface when the wire rope parted, and it fell 500 feet. No miners were injured. The damage is about \$15,000.

A man employed in cutting logs at W. W. Wood's sawmill, near Sly Park, Nevada, found a bottle containing \$1,000 in gold dust.

Mrs. Charles Donahue, wife of a traveling salesman of Dubuque, Iowa, committed suicide by hanging.

In petition filed at Columbus, O., by Mrs. Minnie Stratton she avers that Judge James H. Anderson criminally assaulted her in her father's office, and she asks for \$10,000 damages. Anderson is a retired banker and was formerly consul to Frankfort. He says it is an attempt at blackmail.

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Miss Anna Adams, aged 65, and Charles Bird, aged 8, aunt and nephew, were asphyxiated by gas from a gas stove at the residence of C. C. Bird, at Mansfield, O. Mrs. Bird returned from a visit at noon and found them lying on a bed with their clothes on, as if they had lain down for a short rest.

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The South Wilkesbarre shaft of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company, Pa., was the scene of a violent explosion of gas. A gang of men were in the mine clearing up the wreck of the fire of last March and searching for the bodies of eight men who were killed at that time. George Ford was killed, Isaac Jones was badly injured.

Benjamin Martin, the notorious housebreaker and burner, under sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment, again escaped jail at Dresden, Tenn. Martin made a key and unlocked his cell. He went through a fence, escaping from the attic through the hole in the wall he made two years ago.

A German tourist and two guides were blown over a precipice on the Matterhorn, Switzerland.

An explosion occurred in a coal-pit at Leobschuetz, Prussia. Twenty persons are entombed in the mine.

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Benjamin Martin, the notorious housebreaker and burner, under sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment, again escaped jail at Dresden, Tenn. Martin made a key and unlocked his cell. He went through a fence, escaping from the attic through the hole in the wall he made two years ago.

John Cerney, of Plymouth, N. Y., aged fifty years, shot himself through the heart.

A construction train was wrecked near Arens, Idaho. The engine left the track and ran some distance on the ties, finally upsetting into the ditch. The fireman and one laborer were killed. A number of laborers were seriously hurt, several of whom, it is thought, will die. The engineer and brakeman were badly injured.

The South Wilkesbarre shaft of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company, Pa., was the scene of a violent explosion of gas.

## THE CAMP FIRE.

### THE BATTLE OF LOOK-OUT MOUNTAIN— A BRAVE REB.

The First Repeating Rifle—Sabre and Bayonet—Pleasant and Appropriate Chats with Old Soldiers.

The Battle of Look-Out Mountain. The flash of gun, the clash of steel, Are mingled with the thunder's peal, And hoarse command and booming gun With victory's shout and vanquish'd groan, The strife to mortal ear resounds; Far, far beyond the vision's bounds; A veil of mist the battle shrouds— They're fighting far above the clouds!

Up the rugged heights amain They strive amid the leaden rain; Their sabres shouting louder still; Higher! Where first the flames takes up its fire; Where shrieks the eagle from afar; Where swells the tide and din of war! For there the Stars and Stripes must stand, A beacon-light to all the land; And there the Stars and Stripes shall wave O'er many a fallen hero's grave.

They fall but perish not. They came Inspired by Freedom's sacred flame; They left from mountain plain and dell, And homes that I've seen on, how well! To join the brave heroic throng; In battle 'gainst the traitor's wrong, And o'er the heights on which they fell, Above the scream of whistling shell, They call to freedom near and far, May earthly mould their spirits shrouds, They're fighting still above the clouds.

A Brave Carolinian.

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg (December 13, 1862), hundreds of the Union wounded were left lying on the ground and the road ascending Marye's Heights, victims who fell in Sykes' desperate charges on Kershaw's entrenched brigade.

All night and the most of the next day the open space was swept by artillery shot from both the opposing lines, and no one could venture to the sufferers' relief. All that time their agonizing cries went up for "water, water," but there was no one to help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their distress.

Many who heard the poor soldiers' piteous appeals felt the pangs of human compassion, but stifled them under dread necessity. But at length one brave fellow behind the stone rampart, where the southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy and rose superior to the love of life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to General Kershaw's headquarters, and, finding the commanding officer, said to him, excitedly.

"General, I can't stand this any longer."

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But do you know," said the general, admiring the soldier's noble spirit, "do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?"

"Yes, sir, I know it; but to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying, I'm willing to run the risk. If you say I may, I'll try it."

The general hesitated a moment, but finally said, with emotion: "Kirkland, it's sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall and applied himself to his work of mercy. Wondering eyes looked on, as he knelt by the nearest sufferer and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before his first service of love was finished every one in the Union lines understood the mission of this noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot.

He staid there on that terrible field an hour and a half, giving drink to the thirsty and dying, straightening their cramped and mangled limbs, pillow their heads on their knapsacks, and spreading their army coats and blankets over them, as a mother would cover her child, and all the while he was so engaged, until his gentle ministry was finished, the fusilage of death was hushed. Hatred forbore its rage in a tribute to the deed of pity.

The First Repeating Rifle.

An Atlanta veteran was talking about his first experience with a repeating rifle.

"I was out on the picket line," he tells it, "and a lot of Yankees kept shooting at us from the shelter of a pine thicket. Finally we made a break for the thicket, and then we had it. Every fellow would pick out his man, and then load and shoot, taking advantage of the shelter of the trees.

"My Yankee got the first shot, and missed me. As I was only seventy-five or one hundred yards away, I thought I would reach him before he could load again, so I made a dash for him. He stopped out from his tree and aimed, but I thought he was just trying to bluff, so I didn't stop until he pulled down on me."

"My Lord!" I thought, that's the first rifle I ever saw with two barrels! I just halted, but thought the gun surely must be empty now, so I started for him again. Well, sir, he just stood there and bang! bang! bang! bang! like milking a cow. I jumped for tree mighty quick, I can tell you. I heard hollering behind the tree. It tickled him mightily. I didn't know what to make of it. I put my cap out from behind the tree and he banged! bang! down on it. It scared me. I didn't know how long the thing would hold out."

"Presently, though, I saw him bending over. His head was protected, but his buck was showing, and I took good aim. The bullet ploughed through the fleshy part of the thigh, and as he hol-

lered I made for him. He had dropped his gun and started to run, but he stopped and went back with me."

"I carried that old gun back and it was a great curiosity to our boys. They never did believe that it could shoot sixteen times, and I couldn't prove it because we had only one load left, and we couldn't get any ammunition to fit the gun. So we broke up the gun to keep the Yankees from getting hold of it again."

### Sabre and Bayonet.

There has been a great deal of writing done to prove that the sabre as a weapon has served its time out and will be soon cast aside as being utterly worthless as a weapon of defense. While it is true that great improvements have been made in weapons of war, they are mostly in the heavier engines—ponderous guns worked by steam or electricity, etc., for the destruction of human life. I fail to see why the sabre must go. When any of the weapons of warfare are condemned as being no longer of service, something better must take their places. There has been nothing introduced that I have heard of to take the place of the sabre.

Some writers argue that the revolver is all-sufficient as a cavalry arm; that it was demonstrated in the late war that the sabre was never used; that they were only in the way. The same was said of the bayonet; still, we see in looking over the history of the different battles that charges, when successful, were made with fixed bayonets. One thing that is driving the sabre and bayonet back is the idea of long-range guns which is being pushed forward; that with them one could kill a man a mile distant. Think of two great armies engaged in deadly strife, one or two miles apart. Should the inventors succeed in bringing forth engines of destruction that would keep their adversaries a mile distant, the sabre and bayonet, I will admit, can be laid away. But I am skeptical about the utility of these ponderous guns. There will surely be a "Billy" Sherman around to flank the death-dealing machines and leave them to fight with their own folly. I sincerely hope America may never have another war, but I am not one of those who think wars are giving way before civilization. I am of the opinion that the only effect civilization will have on war will be to make it more destructive to life, and less humane. Witness the hell our boys endured in rebel prisons during the late war.

But, as I have before stated, I still believe that the sabre is the best weapon for a trooper to carry, notwithstanding the almost universal condemnation of the old "cheesecake." As a rule, the ones to laugh the loudest at the sabre and bayonet are the men that never handled either.

### A War Helle.

Major R. B. Chappell, of Englewood, (Chicago) owns a flag that is torn and shows the effects of its long usage during the rebellion. That flag has a history. It was the flag presented to the first company of the first regiment of Ohio Volunteers, Capt. John A. Stanford, of Lancaster, O. It was presented to the company on April 16, 1861, four days after the firing upon Fort Sumter by the rebels. Capt. Stanford reported for duty and was mustered in by Governor Donnellson at 11 p. m., April 16, 1861, and went to Washington, D. C., where he was assigned as captain of Co. A of the 1st O. V. I.; served three years and was mustered out as major; afterwards raised and was colonel of the 176th O. V. I. He died in Chicago lately, and his remains rest in Rose Hill cemetery. The flag was carried by the company through many an engagement, and is now the property of Mrs. Stanford. It was presented to the company by Mrs. Steele, a sister of Mrs. Gen. Sherman. Major Chappell was a member of the same regiment, and carried this flag with him to the National Encampment of the Grand Army at Boston last month. He felt more pride in carrying that old flag than he would to be one of the chief officers on that eventful occasion. If there is one thing more than another that an old soldier clings to, it is these old war relics, and why should they not do so?

### Changed Her Flag.

The ceremony of christening a ship and raising over her the flag of the United States was performed at Newport News, Va., the San Benito, formerly the English ship Kimberly, being the subject of baptism. She was purchased by C. P. Huntington and completely rebuilt at a cost of \$300,000. This is the first achievement of the new ship-yard, which cost about \$3,000,000.

### They Found Cartridges.

A number of boys, playing on the field near Hammerstein, Prussia, formerly used for military maneuvers, found some cartridges, and thrust them into a bonfire to hear them explode. A frightful series of explosions occurred, and seven of the boys were so badly injured that they died.

### Went to the Home.

Considerable surprise was created by the resignation of Major Peats as chief of the Rockford police. His resignation is due to his appointment as adjutant of the soldiers' home at Quincy, Ill., the duties of which he assumed recently.

### Ranker Than a Brigadier.

The Belle—Why, General, to whom are you making that elaborate salute? The Brigadier-General—To the butler. It outranks me.

In a recent battle in Guatemala, thirty-six brigadier-generals and six privates were killed. It is difficult to understand why so many privates should have been in the fight.

## FOR THE LADIES.

### MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE OR INTEREST TO WOMEN.

#### Intellectual Training of the Female Sex— A Girl's Brother—Pitty Points— Fashion Notes.

##### The Intellectual Training of Women.

The woman whose intellect has been trained will not be necessarily a pedantic bore or an overpowering force in the family; but the better her training, the better her balance; the better her understanding of her household's needs, and her ability to meet them, the better will she know how to retain and increase the affection once secured, and to make her home all that the ideal home should be. Beauty will still be beauty, charm will still be charm, and neoclassical honors cannot strip women of either, and the love that is attracted by them when accompanied by thorough intellectual development is a love which will outlast that captured by the tricks and arts which kindle but temporary flame, for the development of the mind develops and enlarges all the rest of the being, other things being equal. It is well-known that there are no better mothers, nor more faithful wives, nor more accomplished housekeepers, nor more delightful guests, than can be found among our present cultured, learned, and literary women. All the education in the world will not eradicate from the feminine nature the household instincts or the love of home and children. Nowhere is real intellectual training found to weaken the feminine type; but, on the contrary, homes are finer, richer, more exalted, and happier under its power. It brings about a perception of mutual rights that does not come to the ignorant; it prevents encroachment; it renders due honor; and it knows how to produce comfort and joy, and puts the knowledge to use. When at last any wide number of women thus trained for generations have married—for marriage is not to be the aim of these women, it is, at any rate, the destined end of these as of all others—and have married men who did not suffer themselves to be outstripped, it can only be a mighty race of men and women which will be born and reared, compared with whose achievement all that we have at present will seem rudimentary.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

##### A Girl's Own Brother.

"But, he's my own brother." Is that any reason why you should take his courtesies for granted, and never say "thank you?"

Is that any reason why you should not try and make an evening at home pleasant for him, instead of forcing him by your selfishness to seek his happiness somewhere else?

Is that any reason why you should not think of your frocks, your bonnets or your looks, worth consideration?

Is that any reason why you should appear before him in a clumsy wrapper and with your hair in papers?

Is that any reason why, when you have a man visitor, he should be made to feel that you endured your brother when there was no body else, but that when there was—well, then it was different?

Is that any reason why you should not be glad of a dance or a game with him as your partner?

Is that any reason why you should not listen to his word of advice about other girls or their brothers?

Is that any reason why you should not be interested in his story of the shooting or the hunting, when you are in the same tales from other people?

Is that any reason why you should push him to the wall, except when you need him, and then claim his attention as your right?

Because he's your very own brother you ought to be ten-fold more considerate of him than of the brothers of other girls. Because he is your own brother you ought to study his tastes and cater to them; read the books that he likes and suggest others to him; study the songs he fancies and be glad to make new ones known to him. In this way you will make your brother your *very own*, and to him "sister" will be the most delightful among girls. Are you your brother's keeper? Yes, in a way; but you do not keep him by fators formed of ill-temper, untidiness and lack of courtesy, but by one made of feminine grace and brightness by a sisterly love. That is the keeper that will give you your brother's love, and make you worthy of the heart of some other girl's brother too.

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##### Choosing a Sweetheart.

Choose your sweetheart carefully, wisely and tenderly, my dear girls, says a writer. Remember he is to be more than even this to you some day—he is to be your husband, for surely you are not one of those girls who have a sweetheart here and one there, and give a little love to this one and a little to that one, until when the real one appears the perfect bloom is gone from the peach and she cannot give him what he offers her. You girls know very quickly when a man means more than the ordinary friend.

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Servant (scowling furiously)—No wonder I look sulky. Here you are going out in that dress which you promised me when you don't wear it any more.

Conrad—Will you marry me? She—Alas, I can only be a sis—

He—That is impossible. I have only shirts and collars enough for my own use.

She Had a Good Time.

Belle—Did you enjoy yourself at the butcher's ball, last night, Icess?

Boos—Yes, indeed. Had a lovely time. I danced till I was so tired I couldn't stand.

and through the winter ones, and before you put your hand in his tell him that you are willing to fight out the battle of life together, think it all over well and remember that you are choosing your sweetheart not for a day or a year, but for all through life and, please, God, if you love each other enough, after death.

##### The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and then she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours to play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She never said to her mother, "I don't want to," for obedience was to her a cherished virtue. She arose in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in curling papers and crimping pins, banded over her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beauty before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every boy she met. The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang not used by words. She didn't laugh at old people, nor make fun of cripples. She had respect for her elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother. She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with chance young men who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and doubtless she said her prayers and slept in innocence, rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness. And now, if there is an old-fashioned girl in the world to-day, may Heaven bless her, and raise up others like her.—*Bishop Cosgrave.*

##### Fashion Notes.

A new idea for autumn hats is a large, round hat of open steel braid, which will be faced with gray or black or colored velvet. Straw braid is also put to new uses, and appears in the shape of girdles on black net dresses.

Whatever culture tempers tones, and sweetens her impulses, making her better, gentler, and nobler than man, is the grandest education woman can espouse. These are the charms that last forever, that outweigh imported bonnets and gowns, that survive beauty, that soften age, and crown her queen of hearts.

English ladies are adopting the fashion of putting their maids to wait at table in livery. The skirts are plain of these livery gowns and of the heraldic colors of the house. All the plaits are thrown behind. Then the waistcoat and jacket are trimmed with livery bands, buttons, and crests or monograms in metal. A high, stiff white collar, white cuffs, and a tiny white caplike a top-knot complete this livery.

Any woman who puts lemon juice, brilliantine, or belladonna in her eyes deserves to see the world through shades and spectacles. Pinch your brows, clip your lashes, and rouge your lids all you like, but in the name of clear sight and perfect vision don't tamper with heaven's best blessing. If dear, cool water and plenty of sleep will not brighten your orbs be content with the knowledge that the dull tone is pure excellence. Even soap is a horror, and the pain resulting from a dash of suds needs only to be felt to be feared.

Soft and clinging Indian veiling, spotted with satin of the same shade—sky-blue, rosebud-pink, or delicate lilac—is much used for simple gowns intended for dinner parties or evening wear in country houses. One of sky-blue veiling, cut heart-shaped, the sleeves set high and wide on the shoulders, reaching down to the elbow, is trimmed with roses of deep pansy violet at the bust, the left side of the waist, and at the elbows. The sash outlining the pointed bodice is also of violet. A deep rush of blue net edges the round skirt, which just clears the ground.

##### Reason Delighted.

Anxious Mother—"I want an order to send my daughter to an insane asylum for treatment. She is going to marry a man thirty years older than herself."

Judge—"Why, madam, girls marry old men every day, and are not considered insane."

Anxious Mother—"Yes, but the old man my daughter wants to marry is poor."

##### No More Given Away.

"May I take a kiss before I go, dearest?" said George as he prepared to depart.

"You may borrow one, George, said charming Jennie, "but you must not take one, for mother has repeatedly cautioned me against giving any more kisses to any one."

So George was obliged to borrow.

##### An Aggravated Menial.

## A LADY'S ADVENTURE.

I am a single lady. There is no disgrace in that. I believe. I might have married, more than once, had I pleased, when I was a silly, rattlepated girl, with more yellow curls than ideas, and a general mania on the subject of waltzing and band music. I thank my guardian stars that I have outgrown that callow and silly age. I am quite independent now, and beholden to nobody. I make my living by lecturing, and a very little snug living it is. I came to be success, after a little practice, and a good deal of hard work, and made money. I took a suit of pleasant rooms in a quiet family hotel, and kept my own little coupe.

But one day there came a request that I would deliver my lecture upon "The Woman of the Period," at Baggsville.

I sent the walter for an atlas and a gazetteer, and hunted up Baggsville. It was an unpretentious village, among the hills well up towards the northern Lake.

"Baggsville, indeed," said I to myself. "A place with a church, a post-office, and seven or eight young men who call themselves Lyceum. They're mistaken in the lectures they want. They never can afford to pay my price."

So I wrote back to Squire Jones—at least I fancied from the big fat shapes of his capital letters, and the general pomposity of his phraseology, that the "Orville Jones" who wrote to me, as "Chairman of the Literary Committee," was an esquire, with a bald head, a blunt nose and light blue eyes. I politely mentioned my terms, and straightway forgot all about the matter, until a letter came back, asking me to fix a date for the delivery of my lecture at Baggsville Lyceum.

I looked over my engagement book—I had become so popular a character that it was quite necessary for me to keep such a volume—and settled on the night of the twenty-third of December.

The twenty-third of December was a day of driving storm and tempest, and it was nearly six o'clock when we reached the station at Baggsville.

"Thank goodness," I said to myself, "I shall have time for a good rest and a cup of strong tea."

But, to my dismay, when I got out at Baggsville station, blinded by the lights that flared through driving rain, confused by the everlasting groaning machinery, I learned that the village of Baggsville itself was ten miles further up the hilly road.

"We've just been telegraphed from there," said the station-master. "The Lyceum is filling up fast. You'll have a good audience, miss, in spite of the weather."

"But how can I possibly get there in time?" I demanded, in hopeless perplexity.

"Squire Jones, the chairman of the committee, is here with his close carriage," said he complacently.

"And you'll find it mighty snug and comfortable," added the little man, rubbing his mitened palms together.

"Here it is now."

Through the flying snowflakes, I could just discern the dark opaque body drawn up close to the platform. I stepped into what seemed to me a bottomless pit of blackness, guided by the station-master's hand; and was relieved by finding myself in a warm carpeted carriage, with well-stuffed cushions, and a figure seated opposite.

"Here she is squirrel!" cried the station-master, banging the door to. "Now, go ahead, Perkins," to the driver, "and don't let the snow drift under your horses' feet!"

There had been so much noise and confusion that I felt awkwardly conscious that I might have been addressed by the squire without answering, and as a silence reigned in the carriage, I said hesitatingly:

"I beg your pardon?"

As I received no reply to the remark, I repeated it in a somewhat louder key. Then I waited a little, and hazarded:

"A very stormy night!"

Still I received no acknowledgment of these conversational efforts. I began to feel somewhat offended, but then I remembered just in time to avenge my rising choler, that Squire Jones might very possibly be deaf. I could always get along well with deaf people. My voice was clear, and my enunciation was distinct; so I tried again.

"Bad weather for the lecture?" I bawled out in stentorian accents. The driver stopped, and leaned down to the carriage door:

"Eh, miss?" said he, "did you want anything?"

"No," I said, somewhat confusedly. "Thought I heard you holler," said the driver. "Must ha' been the wind howling down the gorge."

As we started again I began to think I must have been mistaken as to the fact of there being anyone in the carriage with me. Determined to solve the problem, I put my hand softly out towards the opposite side of the carriage. To my embarrassment, it encountered another warm human hand, which was drawn away with electric quickness.

"Pardon me," I said, awkwardly enough. "I—I dropped my bag, and I was feeling for it."

Still no answer. I began to feel seriously angry.

"If you'd not feel disposed for conversation," said I, with some spirit, "pray, hold your tongue!"

Apparently my vis-à-vis took me at my word. Total silence reigned, except for the occasional voice of my charioteer, shouting at his horses. Had I come to the land of total barbarism? Had I left civilization behind? Was Squire Jones a heathen—or an idiot?

While I was revolving these questions in my troubled mind, we reached a little hamlet where lights glistened, human voices sounded, and drew rein before a large square brick building, with rows of flaming lamps above the door. The carriage door was opened from outside—a portly gentleman with a very bald head, blunt nose, and light blue eyes of my imagination, presented himself.

"Miss Speakwell," said he, "you are welcome to Baggsville. Pray, alight."

"Sir," said I, "I have made up my

mind not to do so. Will you have the goodness to tell your coachman to drive me to the nearest hotel?"

"But it's fifteen minutes to eight!" said he; "the audience is waiting!"

"I don't care if it's fifteen minutes to twelve!" said I. "I have already experienced some of the civilities of Baggsville. Squire Jones is a brute—a savage!"

"Eh!" said the gentleman. "Did I quite understand you, Miss Speakwell? I am Squire Jones!"

"Then who is that in the carriage?" asked I.

A light of comprehension began to dawn on Squire Jones' bewildered face.

"Oh!" said he, "I see. It's a deaf and dumb gentleman, Miss Speakwell."

"A deaf and dumb gentleman!" I repeated.

"And he's not quite full witted, either," added the Squire. "I'm sure I beg your pardon for exposing you to the least annoyance—but he was on his way to the asylum, eight miles beyond here, and his friends had sent an open box-wagon to meet him, and the poor fellow was half perished with cold, already. So I just rode up in the box-wagon myself, and put him into the carriage. I supposed Butts had told you all about it."

My short-lived indignation melted at once.

"Squire Jones," said I, "You are a philanthropist. Take me to the dressing-room at once. If I don't give the Baggsville people their money's worth to-night, it will be because I don't know how."

I made a success of it that evening. I was applauded again and again. I was called before the curtain twice at the end of my lecture; and I was entertained by Mrs. Squire Jones that night, in a little parlor of comfort and the chloroform bottle under his nose.

The victim, if he partakes of the kindly offered refreshment, soon falls into a deep sleep, and while in that condition is robbed. If he refuse, as an experienced traveler would do, the robber pretends to fall asleep and waits until the other man really does so. Then he approaches him silently, holds a piece of parchment called a "stifler" before his mouth and the chloroform bottle under his nose.

The robber usually leaves some

money and all the jewelry on the victim's person. Sometimes he administers an overdoes of chloroform and the traveler never awakes. In such cases,

as the victim is found in possession of a certain amount of money and his

jewelry, death is usually attributed by not over intelligent provincial authorities to natural causes.

M. Mace, the well-known French detective, says that three such deaths occurred in one day on the same French railway. An English lady was recently chloroformed and outraged in a railway carriage in Germany. Hundreds of outrages in railway carriages have been recorded in European papers during the last few years.

All England was stirred some years

since by the crime of Lefroy, who shot an old merchant in a railway carriage in the heart of London, and whose guilt it was found difficult to establish.

Another sensational case was that in which Miss Dickson charged Col. Valentine Baker of the British army with attempting to assault her in a railway carriage. Col. Baker was expelled from the army. There were many persons who believed him innocent and wished to have him reinstated in the army, but the queen was inexorable.

Many Americans will not understand how these outrages are possible. They would be impossible here, but the carriages on European railways are divided into compartments by partitions running from one side of the carriage to the other. In the first-class carriage the partition is carried to the roof, so that the occupants of a compartment are isolated.

In the third and second class carriages the partition is not carried to the roof, and communication is possible from one end of the carriage to the other. This, added to the fact that robbers do not look for victims in third-class carriages, has caused a great number of persons to ride third-class when none who do not do so from necessity.

When a train is bound on a journey of any length the porters distribute the passengers so that there are not more than two or three in each first-class compartment. Of course that insures quiet and plenty of room. At night, if you are not in a sleeping carriage, it is not uncommon to find yourself the sole occupant of a compartment, but more common to have one fellow-passenger.

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#### A COMPARISON.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,  
With the singing birds and the bum'ln bees,  
A-known' that I can do as I please,  
Than to live what folks call a life of ease  
Up that in the city.

For I really don't 'xactly understand'  
Where the comfort is for any man  
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,  
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can  
Up that in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mabe you'll say,  
A-livin' out here day after day  
In this kinder easy, careless way.  
Butta hour out here is better'n a day  
Up that in the city.

As fer that, jus' look at the flowers aroun'  
A-peepin' their heads up all over the ground,  
An' the fruit's a-beinin' the trees' way down,  
You don't see such things as these in town,  
Or, rather, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,  
The flowers, the birds and the bum'ln bees,  
An' a-livin' out here among the trees,  
Where you can take your ease, an' do as you please  
Up that in the city.

Makes it better'n the city.  
Now, all the talk don't mount to snuff  
'Bout this kinder life's a-bein' rough.  
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,  
An' 'twen you an' me, I ain't half as tough  
As livin' in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

#### THE ATE CHOW.

How a Boy Got His Father to Eat the Bird.

There is one family in Norwood that knows how crow tastes when served in a pot pie, and now that these folks have tried it they are not afraid to tell about it. Two or three years ago a family came here from New York city, bringing a couple of boys, one of whom was called Ray, was about 10 years old and was sickly. He was turned out to grass, as the natives here say, and supplied with a small rifle and cartridges. He not only acquired health and skill with the rifle, but he cultivated a disposition to make his father's life a burden with practical jokes. The last joke relates to a crow.

One day recently the boy came home from the woods with a mysterious air and a bulging pocket. Taking his mother to one side he opened the pocket, pointed at a skinned bird, and said:

"Partridge! Coax pop to say it's all right."

Pop was approached diplomatically by the mother, who said the boy was foolish to violate the law, and besides it was wrong to kill even a cock partridge at this season, but she was sure the boy would not kill another. Pop was angry, but only to the extent of seriously lecturing the boy, and when at last the lad suddenly put his hands to his face as tears came to his eyes even the lecture was suspended, and he was told to go, something which he did with the utmost haste.

Well, there was the dead partridge. The law and conscience would not be healed by wasting the bird, and seeing there was a bit of veal, bought for a stew, in the ice chest, it was better to make a pot pie of the combination than to throw away the bird. And so it was done.

On the next day, at the noonday dinner, a most savory heap of dumplings was stacked upon a platter in the center of the table, while a great bowl of cream gravy stood on one side, and a plate of veal, with a plump bird on top, stood at the other. Pop carefully cut the bird, giving a half of the breast to the boy, and serving just a taste to each of the other three persons at the table. Ray, with unswerving generosity, offered to share his piece with his father, but the father declined, and therupon the bird was eaten with many expressions of pleasure. The father and mother noticed, meantime, that Ray was convulsed over something, but when inquiry was made about it he said that he could "not help thinking how George Pardy got excited when the bird was killed."

When the bird had disappeared on the other plates Ray suddenly left the table, having swallowed but one mouthful of his share of the bird, and a few minutes later he was rolling on the lawn, well nigh in hysterics, which condition lasted till the father came to the door, and then the boy screamed:

"Twas a crow! 'twas a crow. Oh! oh!

Think of the trouble I might get into for breaking the game laws!"

The father says that it took some half hour's argument and the production of the bird's wings and skin to convince him that a crow had really been eaten. It was a young bird, just grown, and as fat as butter, and, if the truth be told, in spite of prejudice, it was as good eating as one could ask for.—[N. Y. Sun.]

Seven Hours' Sleep at Least.

There is not one man or woman in 10,000 who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All those stories written about great men and women who slept only two or three hours a night make very interesting reading, but I tell you, my readers, no man or woman ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylum so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you can not get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at 8 a.m. as for another to get up at 5. I counsel my readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing bell be rung at least 30 minutes before your profile appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

Breaking the Cots to the Cars.

One morning last spring a traveler approaching a country railway station noticed a man holding a young horse some twenty rods distant from the track upon which a train was then standing. The man's left hand grasped a strong leather halter at the point where it is fastened to the leading line, while his right hand held firm hold of a heavy strap buckled loosely about the horse's throat. The man, who was speaking to the horse in a low voice, presently began moving with him over the open space toward the locomotive, which thus far was perfectly silent. The horse's open nostrils and

erect ears showed him to be somewhat excited at the strange apparition, but he evidently felt assurance in his keeper, by whose side he had moved with short and nervous step over perhaps half the distance between himself and the train, when the locomotive suddenly let off steam.

The terrified creature turned like a flash, and in so doing for an instant avenging the man's feet clean off the ground. But before the horse made the first spring in the opposite direction the man's feet were again on solid earth, and he lost hold with neither hand, although the horse dragged him beyond the place of starting before he could be stopped. Casting his eyes around at the still hissing locomotive the horse again sprung forward, but could no more free himself from the man's hold than a rat could escape from the teeth of a terrier. After a few more futile attempts the horse again turned around, and this time found himself able to endure the sight of the locomotive. Thus he stood for perhaps two minutes with staring and quivering muscles. After a little the steam was shut off, when the man loosed his hand from the strap around the horse's throat, and with it began stroking his neck, still speaking to him in the same low-toned voice.

Soon the horse became quite composed, whereupon the man, again grasping the throat strap with his right hand, urged him toward the train as before. With many stops and snorts of inquiry the horse permitted himself to be led again toward the locomotive, which, when he was about the same distance from it as the other time, burst forth into a second gallop, quite as loud as was the first. Again was repeated the scene already described, but the horse did not drag the man so far as before, nor did he require so long a time in which to be quieted. The steam soon shut off again, and the man and horse once more approached the train, which now moved away from the station. The last glimpse of them showed the horse watching the now accustomed terror and the man by his side still grasping the head of the leading line and stroking the horse's neck—a beautiful and expressive illustration of the power over an intelligent animal of man's courage, kindness, and patience.—[Alfred H. Peters.]

#### A BATTLE IN THE SURF.

Terrific Combat Between a Porpoise and a Shark.

While the bathers were enjoying a bath in the surf at Avalon, N. J., says the Philadelphia Times, a large school of porpoises made a dash up the coast just behind the breakers. There were over 100 of these slippery monsters so hard to catch in a net, and they never bite at any known bait. A good sized porpoise will devour a bushel of mussels and young drum fish at a single meal and just now the surf is filled with small drum fish feeding at flood tide.

The man-eating shark likes the same kind of diet, and many a bloody conflict ensues between these robbers of the great deep when they meet on common feeding ground. In front of the hotel there is considerable depth of water and the porpoises came so near that many of them could have been reached with a fishing rod. Suddenly, as the school of porpoises were tumbling over each other in play, a four foot shark made a dash out of water, pursued by a ten foot porpoise. The porpoise succeeded in biting a piece out of the man-eater and made a vicious plunge at the shark in mid air, while the sea became red with blood.

Both fish were in a duel to the death. Neither tried to escape. The shark was the swiftest in motion, but was an unequal antagonist. The porpoise would dive under him and strike him in the belly under water, to the great discomfort of the man-eater, whose jaws were not big enough to make much impression on the tough hide of the slippery sea hog.

Three times they met in mid air and struck each other as two bull elks would but each other with their antlers. The porpoise slowly retired ten feet and with the swiftness of lightning struck the shark in the middle and ripped him open. The man-eater soon floated dead, out on the sea, while the porpoise, badly hurt, followed his companions up Townsend Inlet.

#### The Golden Casket's Contents.

The Germans have a story which the home loving people love to repeat. A father, when his daughter became a bride, gave her a golden casket with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which in her keeping would be of inestimable value to her as the mistress of the house. Not only was she to have the entire care of it, but she was to take it every morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the dining room, the library, the bed room, and remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully about. After the lapse of three years the father was to send the key, that the secret talisman might be revealed. The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment, on which was written these words: "The eyes of the mistress are worth 100 pairs of servants' hands." The wise father knew that the practice of the inspection followed faithfully for three years would become habitual and be self-perpetuated—that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.

#### Woman and Her Stomach.

"Woman is an omnivorous animal," says a great London physician whose investigation of woman's power of eating has led him to the conclusion that she is, as a rule, much more fond of unreasonable food at unseasonable hours than man. "Men do not eat some things," continues this observing practitioner, "because they know if they do they will be dyspeptic and ill-tempered the next day, but the frailest woman—bless her sweet soul and strong stomach—will consume the very things a man refuses and risks on the morrow without a wrinkle on her face or a ruffle in her temper to be a comfort to herself and to every one else. Heaven only knows how they do it; the doctors don't."

Charcoal in some form and limes should always be kept convenient where the fowls can help themselves.

#### A KETTLE OF FISH.

#### A FOOD PRODUCT THAT NATIONS QUARREL ABOUT.

Decaying New England Fishing Villages. Disappearance of the Fishermen—Skins and Nets Do the Work Now—Talk of an Old Timer.

[Special Boston Letter.]

It is an interesting fact that three, and possibly four, of the greatest nations on the face of the earth to-day are embroiled over the matter of fish. England is having an unhappy time with the great fishing grounds off the coast of her American provinces. In fact, the concessions made both to the United States and France nearly a hundred years ago in respect to these fishing grounds have been the most fruitful subject of diplomatic controversy between the nations named of any that have arisen during the present century. The great boundary disputes between the United States and Great Britain, which time and again have threatened war, were all amicably settled; but the first step has not yet been taken toward an adjustment of the question of the three mile fishing limit. The same is true as between England and France. A hundred portentous and mighty diplomatic snarls, involving the control of empires and the monopoly of vast fields of trade, have been adjusted in a spirit of mutual concession, but the Newfoundland fisheries dispute remains as lively and unadjustable as it was a century ago.

When the United States purchased Alaska it secured a third interest in an ancient feud that had raged between Great Britain and Russia in regard to

OLD WHARF AT EDGARTOWN.



the seal fisheries, and it is probable that this diplomatic tangle will remain to plague generations yet unborn.

What is it that renders fishing such a fruitful source of international strife, and local trouble? It is to be remarked that war has time and again raged between States of the Union over the control of fishing grounds, while scarcely a local community exists in the whole country where there are lakes or streams inhabited by fish that legal and sometimes physical war has not been waged for the control of the same.

The world wide disposition to quarrel and fight about fish is a question for philosophers and statesmen. That it is a reality nobody can deny.

The anomaly grows stranger the closer one's acquaintance becomes with fish and fishermen. Old Isaac Walton called fishing the "gentle art." There is nowhere in the world to be found a more perfect picture of peace than is afforded by a New England fishing village—unless, indeed, it be an English, French, or Canadian fishing village, for there is a conspicuous likeness among them that all travelers will recognize. The rotting and unstable wharfs, the ramshakle and weather beaten sheds, the vistas of masts and cordage athwart the sky, the ever-prevailing aroma of decaying fish, the listless and pathetic unobtrusiveness of the folk one meets, all are signs of the peaceful and subdued effects of the pursuit of the "spoils of the sea." Painters have depicted fishing scenes for centuries, but they have missed the real pathos of the vocation. The Milliet of the fisherman is yet to appear.

These reflections have been inspired by a recent trip along a portion of the New England coast, leaving Gloucester, rounding the Cape, and visiting the various fishing resorts on Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and throughout Buzzard's Bay to New Bedford.

One witnesses on such a trip a decaying industry—the passing away of a type of our old national life. The fishing industry is doomed as conducted in the old fashioned way, just as farming on a small scale is falling into decay in this section of our common country. No facts are needed to support this statement. The results are too apparent to be denied. Steam and machinery are taking the place of sails and lines in ocean fishing. Gloucester typifies the progressive and active present, with its busy wharves, and its scores of big schooners or steam vessels provided with every modern appliance for capturing fish by the wholesale. Capital and big ships and trained crews are too much for the old fashioned fishermen. The average condition of the New England fishing village to-day is one of decay. Hundreds of fishing boats lie rotting at the wharves, while their owners pick up a precarious living digging clams or picking up odd jobs of work, or sit idle in their little weather

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practically a thing of the past. The few who linger follow the old ways not because there is any profit in it, but because they find it impossible to adopt any other mode of life.

The old fellows cling to the past. The sight of trim yachts and busy steamers, and all the panorama of summer life about the watering places that have sprung up at different places on the coast, affects them only with a dazed surprise. They linger about, only too glad to get a passenger for a small sum and throw loose the painter of the old boat, and dash out into the Atlantic waves in the old happy way.

Floating along with a gentle breeze off Cape Poge, trolling for blue fish that were not to be found, I put in the time talking with an old sea dog whose 75 winters had not diminished his strength or arm or keenness of vision. He was a thorough representative of the hardy Yankee sailor, now so nearly extinct. He had run a fishing dory as a boy, served before the mast on a Liverpool packet as a lad, and as a young man pursued the whale in the Arctic seas, and later had commanded vessels of his own and sailed on every sea on the wide globe, had been shipwrecked three times, spending three months on an uninhabited island of the Pacific, and now in his old age, like hundreds of his kind, was passing his declining years in his boyhood occupation of fishing.

"No, it don't pay no more," he said, in response to a question. "Fishin' ain't what it used to be. Manny's the time we brought this old boat in so full of fish there was hardly room to stand in it. I landed 700 blue fish at the Edgartown wharf one day, and they was all beauties, and fish was worth five to seven cents a pound in those days, and plenty of takers. You can git more than that now, but then there ain't no fish. Those fellows

The Way It Is Said.  
The sultan awoke with a stifled scream; his nerves were shocked by a fearful dream. An omen of terrible import and doubt—his teeth all in one moment fell out.

His wise men assembled at break of day, And stood at the throne in solemn array. And when the terrible dream was told, Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold;

All stood silent in fear and dread, And wondering what was best to be said.

At length a soothsayer, wrinkled and gray, Cried: "Fardon, my lord, what I have to say."

"It is an omen of sorrow sent from on high! Thou shall see all the kindred die."

Wrath was the sultan; he gnashed his teeth, And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe.

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains, And gave him hundred stripes for his pains.

The wise men shook at the sultan's eyes.

Swept round to see who next would try,

But one of them, stepping before the throne, Exclaimed in a loud and joyous tone:

"Exult, O head of a happy state! Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate!

"For this is the favor thou shalt win, O sultan! To outlive all thy kin!"

Pleased was the sultan, and called a slave.

And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.

But the courtiers nod, with grave, sly winks;

And each one whispers what each one thinks:

"Well can the sultan reward and blame!

Did not the wise men foretell the same?"

Quoth the crafty old vizier, shaking his head: "Bo much may depend on the way a thing's said!"

—Hebrew Journal.

## WHY SHE REFUSED HIM.

She drew up her horse at my gate,  
"Mr. Landon!"

I laid down my book and went down the path to her. She was always beautiful in her riding-habit, and the oval rose of her cheek was a little lovelier than usual, I thought that morning.

"How do you do?" she said soberly.

"Are you very busy?"

"Not very," I answered, glancing back at "Valentine Vox" turned upside down in a piazza chair. "What is wanted? Can I be of any service to you?"

"Not to me. But papa wished me to ask you if you could come up and direct Tom about trimming our poplar trees. The rov by the south wall, you know. He knows nothing about it, and spoiled them five years ago."

"Certainly. I will be at the Three Elms in an hour or two, Miss Vattie."

She gave me a dainty military salute, and galloped away. That, and all her little tricks and ways were indescribably pretty.

Before I came to Bayswater, my sage sister had warned me how beautiful Miss Vashni Somers was. She begged me not to fall in love with her, and I had promised not to, I believe. But after my house was built, and I had settled at Bayswater—for the sake of being near my factory—I got in the way of spending my evenings very often at the place where she lived, called the Three Elms for the trio of old trees that stood before the door. The family consisted of Mr. Somers, who was aged and infirm; Vattie, as she was called; two younger sisters of 12 and 14, and their governess, Mrs. Stowell. Mr. Somers had taken quite a fancy to me, and entertained me with the garrulosity of old age; the children were pretty pets, and Mrs. Stowell was a sensible lady. All this, to say nothing of Miss Vashni's politeness, made their sitting-room an attractive place for a solitary old bachelor. My sister, who was plain, old-fashioned, and practical, would have suffered until anxieties had known it. Being one of the working bees of this world, she could see no use or virtue in such a pretty, dainty being as Vashni Somers. The bare suggestion of her becoming my wife would have shocked her as a plan fraught with the most disastrous consequences.

But I don't know that I really ever thought of such a thing until the morning that I went up to superintend the trimming of the poplars.

Vattie had returned from her ride. She had replaced her habit by a wrap of rose-colored cambric, and was cutting flowers in the garden, attended by a gentleman. He was a stranger. He was young and handsome. I saw him lift her basket; I saw her smile in his face, and—well, I was madly jealous.

It was a revelation of my own heart that I was not prepared for, therefore I did not go forward to greet her. I turned up a side path and went around to the south door. The two little girls, who were there studying came forward to meet me.

"Mr. Landon," said Rose, "has Vattie come home from her ride?"

"I believe she is in the garden," I answered.

"Then she is with Mr. Louvois," said Lilly. "He came while she was gone. He's very handsome. Mr. Louvois is," primly, "and Sister Vattie is going to marry him."

Rose, who was younger and not romantic, laughed at her.

"Lilly thinks beaus are so nice," she said.

I smiled at the children, but my heart ached. But I was not fond of being miserable, and strove to throw off my depression. I called Tom, trimmed the trees, received Mr. Somers' thanks, and went home. I think I went about my business as usual, but everything seemed changed. I had a strong disposition to run away from Bayswater and everybody I had ever known.

I did not go near the Three Elms for more than a month. This was unusual, and I know would attract more attention, but I could not help it. The more I thought of Vattie Somers' marriage the more deeply miserable I was. I felt that if she saw my face my looks would confess all.

So I staid at home. I spent whole evenings with a book without reading; I took long rides over the country, coning home dull and dispirited. Or I invited a few guests to my house, entertained the company, and bored myself excessively.

One night, as I tossed on my pillow tormented by my disappointment, a thought occurred to me. I would propose to Vattie, put myself out of my misery, or plunge myself into darker despair.

I am aware that I was not a very brave lover from the first, for I wrote my momentous question instead of delivering it by word of mouth. I shut myself up in my chamber and spent the evening writing letters to her. The one which I finally dispatched was indited with the briefness of desperation:

"MISS VATTIE SOMERS: I love you. Will you marry me?"

Then I rested from my labors. Her reply came back the next night:

"MR. AUBREY LANDON: I think you are mistaken. No!"

Then of course, there was nothing for me to do but to forget her. This I did not succeed in doing.

But time waits not for miserable lovers more than for happier men. The summer went by, and it chanced that I never once saw Vattie Somers' face un a certain day about Christmas.

During the hot weather I drove to my counting-room, but on the fine winter days I preferred to walk. The road lay along the edge of a large sheet of water called Swan's pond. This by the middle of December was frozen across.

But one morning I was rather late to my business, and wishing to make a short cut, I started to go across the pond on the ice. I had proceeded but half way across when the brittle substance gave way and I was plunged into the cold flood beneath.

At first I went under the ice, but though I could not swim I struggled back to the aperture and laid hold of the edge of the ice. It was thin, however, and kept breaking in my grasp, and a numbness began to come over me. I felt myself grow pale and my heart sank as I struggled.

Meanwhile I was half conscious of shouts and confused voices. I did not realize that they had any connection with me, however, until a slender figure in scarlet bounded like a roebuck on the ice above and beside me, and at the same moment a rope splashed into the water.

My brilliant preserver was away like the wind, but I had the means of escape in my hands and clung to the rope, breaking the ice before me until I was drawn by unseen friends upon the bank. Then a dozen hands reached to my assistance, and I found myself surrounded by a crowd of men.

I was in a very exhausted condition. They put me into a carriage, and I believe it was Mr. Somers' Tom who drove home with me.

At any rate, it was Tom who assisted in putting me to bed, and dosed me with hot compounds until I felt as if I should expire.

"What will do, my good fellow, that will do," I said, at last. "I can't drink any more of anything. Just put away that glass. If you please, and tell me who it was that threw me the rope."

"Who should it be but Vattie Somers?" I demanded. Tom, who was but six years from Cork. "What other skater is there in Bayswater like her? Sure no man could have ventured on that this ice, and it was as much as her life was worth to go; but she did it—bliss her purity, dying feet!"

The hot tears came into my eyes. I went to sleep very happily.

They kept me in bed two days, but I got out of their hands on the third, and drove to the Three Elms.

Vattie faltered and turned a little pale as she gave me her hand. But I took both little hands and drew her aside, though Rose and Lilly were looking on wonderingly.

"Darling, it is very noble in you to risk your dear life for a man you despise."

"But I do not despise you."

"For a man you dislike."

"But I do not dislike you."

"For a man you do not love."

"But I do love you!" sobbed Vattie, yielding to my embrace.

Then she tried to release herself and talk of other things, but I had been denied too long to permit this, and I held her close, kissing lips and hands and bonny hair.

"Vattie, why did you refuse me?"

"Because I thought you were crazy to ask me in such a strange way, after shunning me for six weeks. Why did you do so, Aubrey?"

"I was troubled about Mr. Louvois. Lilly said you were to marry him."

"That was only a child's story. Mr. Louvois has married my cousin, Marigat."

The rest of my happiness I shall keep to myself. —N.Y. Weekly.

## Tamed by Perfumes.

Wild animals are completely fascinated and can be tamed by perfumes. There was a Mrs. Lee in India who had a tame leopard that played in the house with her children. He was inquisitive, as all the cat tribe are, and loved to stand on his hind legs and with his fore paws on the window sill look out at the passers-by.

When the children wanted the place for themselves they would all take hold of his tail and pull him down by that. He was generally very amiable, but sometimes, his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched. So Mrs. Lee taught Sal to keep his claws sheathed by giving him when he did so a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped. This would draw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over with it on the floor. With nothing but a bottle of lavender water I have become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigeress, and a lioness in the menagerie.—India Stories.

## A Florida Game-Cock.

A resident of Kissimmee, Fla., recently bought his wife a burea with a large mirror attached. While out in the garden attending her flowers one day the lady heard a loud racket in the house. On hastening thither she discovered that her husband's game rooster had gone into the house and caught sight of himself in the glass. That soothed it; and the way he went for the glass—fighting his own shadow—was a caution to all other game chickens. There wasn't a piece of glass left large enough for a hand mirror; and the rooster was so mad when the lady appeared on the scene that he turned his attention to her, and for a while it was a doubtful question as to which would win the battle. A vigorous use of the broom, however, finally left the lady in possession of the house and her shattered mirror.

## "A NEW SONG."

### DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

"The New Song" Which Will Be Sung in Celestial Abodes, The Significance, Its Power and Its Purpose.

On Sunday the 7th, Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, his text being taken from Rev. 5, 9: "And they sang a new song."

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music, and associations whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet music. One of these is the Berliner Akademie der Tonkunst, founded by Prince Frederick of Prussia, who resided there, and composed first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in from tickets and buzzard to the entertainment. At Berlin, at eleven o'clock daily, the military band, with sixty or one hundred instruments, discourses at the royal opera house for the people. On Easter Day, playing in the room of the organists and the singing of bells, braving multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals, and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great day of Leipsic comes, the bands of music from far and near gather in the streets and fill the ear with incessant playing of fife, flute, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf, once a year, there are four days of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All these American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio, and the organs are grandly sounded with voices and instruments are greeted with vociferous applause.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies; and all the splendor of celestial gates; and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God, would not make so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated.

Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation which takes place every year in Berlin, ending with the fourth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days, but we have, although not for many years, only just begun to know about it. If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances, they will also entitle at the hour to come. At nine o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it, as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that the present portion of heaven is fully inaugurated.

Further, it will be an anticipative song, which we have hardly heard yet.

If you had taken the opportunity to sing it to-day for the whole service, it would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated.

Festal choruses on earth last only a short while.

You say all this is figurative. Then I say, prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal.

Who can say but that some of the precious

wounds of earth and heaven there may not be made instrument of celestial accord. In the hour when David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the psalms, and when the true multitudes shall follow their own inclinations, take up instruments such as Mozart, ever favored, or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous majesty, and the roll of the eternal orchestra.

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It appears that the Second Adventists have given up setting days for the end of the world to occur. Such prophecy was certainly discouraging, and now they only say in general terms that the great day is very near. This sect is larger than most people suppose. On the closing day of the camp meeting at Alton Bay, N. H., last week, there were about 8,000 present.

Oh, how can a fair maiden smile and be gay, her love and loving clear! As sweet as a rosebud as bright as the May. When her liver is all out of gear? She can't. It's impossible. But if she will only take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, it will cleanse and stimulate her disordered liver, purify her blood, make her complexion soft and rosy, her breath wholesome, her spirits cheerful and temper sweet. All druggists.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

Religion is within a man, says a religious weekly. This is true, and so far within sometimes that it is very difficult to find it.



### ONE ENJOYS

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### THE OLD FARM

Dormered and verandas cool,  
Lawn—girdled on the hill,  
Binded with wisteria-wear and fall  
Of wild whisper, at the will  
Of the sad wind's rise and fall;

I remember, stood I there  
Brown above the woodland deep  
In a scent of lavender,  
With slow shadows locked in sleep,  
Or the warm light everywhere.

I remember how the spring,  
Liberal lapped, bewildered its  
Squares of orchard murmuring;  
Kissed with broided puffs and bits,  
Where the wood-thrush came to sing.

And it stood there brown and gray,  
In the bee-beem and the bloom,  
In the murmur and the day.

In the passion and perfume,  
Grave as am the gay.

Good with laughter romped the clear  
Boys' voices round its walls;  
Hare wild roses wear the deer,  
Girlish faces in its halls,  
Music haunted year to year.

Sleep it still among its roses  
Dew yellow, while the chisel  
Of the long-leaf pine drifts higher  
Brightens, and the darkness creases—  
sleeps it still among the roses?

—Madison J. Cawelti.

**Systematic Weed Killing.**

There is no labor more universal among cultivators than the attempted destruction of weeds, and there is none which is commonly gone about with more irregularity and want of system. Weeds infest nearly all cultivated grounds, and their destruction is generally attempted after they have grown a foot high, more or less, either by laborious hand labor, or more rapidly but more imperfectly with the work of horses. In the garden it is mostly per-

formed, if at all, by the hand; in the large corn field the plow and cultivator turn over or tear up the large weeds and leave many untouched.

The true management should be the commencement of this labor with the planting or sowing of the crop. The young weeds should be destroyed before they reach the light. The soil has been stirred for planting; but within a week it should be stirred again to kill the young sprouting weeds. With small tender plants, the small harrow or cultivator may be passed between the rows of field crops; with large strong rooted plants, like corn, the slant tooth harrow may be passed over the whole broadcast, pulverizing and destroying the small sprouting weeds, but doing no harm to the strong corn plants, whether before or after they have reached the light. In the garden the steel rake may do the same work in the narrow bed as the horse harrow performs in the field.

The accompanying figures will serve to explain our meaning. Figure 1 represents a crop of weeds sprouting, and ready to come up during the first week after the soil has been turned. If the weather is warm and the soil moist, they will often sprout an inch in four or five days, and then is the time to pulverize finely an inch or two of the whole surface of the soil. In doing it every weed is broken, crumbled, and destroyed. A double benefit results from it in the breaking of the earth and giving to the breaking crop a mellow surface.

Fig. 2, somewhat reduced, shows the young weeds a week later. They have reached the light, are a tenth to a fourth of an inch high, and have sent down roots two inches or more in length. These roots, if numerous, double the labor required to destroy them, compared with those shown in Fig. 1. But the steel rake and the slant harrow will do good work with them.

It is estimated that the labor required for removing weeds when fully grown is about 10 times as great as for those in Fig. 2, and about 20 times as great as in Fig. 1. This difference has been tested by actual experiment. Two given areas of soil were measured off for prompt raking.

Many weeds have very small seeds, and will not germinate if buried more than an inch deep. For these it is not necessary to rake deep in order to destroy them for the season. Large seeds come up from a greater depth, and require a corresponding treatment.

### PARIS NOTES.

planted later to the beds, on days when the soil is in the most favorable condition for their growth. For field culture the rows should be about four feet apart. The settings should always be plants of one season's growth, and those nearest the parent plant are to be preferred.

### POULTRY YARD.

Cold and damp are fatal to young turkeys.

Of the varieties of game fowls the duck winged is one of the most beautiful.

Save all the poultry droppings and add to the credit column of your account.

Wear your flocks of all superfluous roosters and hens that lay only every other day.

An observant poultryman says that young turkeys invariably choose the dandelion before all other green food.

Fill the poultry house full of the dust of bullock or Dalmatian insect powder; close the doors for an hour, and, if well blown, the dust will kill the lice.

Feath tells that green ducklings, celery and milk and barley fattened, are fast becoming a substitute for the wild duck and game supply of the country, which are on the fast decline.

Wheat contains a larger per cent. of albumen than any other grain, and for this reason is one of the best to feed hens to promote laying. It should not be made an exclusive food, however.

It is no easier to keep poultry than to keep other stock; a labor and proper management must be used to meet success. Less capital may be required in poultry, but it must be judiciously expended, or a loss can result as easily from any other source. Experience is no value than capital in poultry raising.

Laying hens require meat, more especially in cold weather, when eggs are scarce. We would, however, prefer to give them all the skim milk they will drink, this being a good substitute for meat, and in some respects more healthful. On the farm, where milk is usually plenty, there should be fresh milk provided for both old and young stock. You will see good results from such a course.

Timely Word.—Miss Cooney (at "the party")—"Why, Mr. Mokeby, yo's jus' dressed up to kill. Mr. Mokeby (feeling in his pocket)—Golly! Dat jus' reminds me, Miss Juliet; I've done lef' my razor to home."

Husband (solemnly)—I see there is crap on the door opposite.

Wife—I have been expecting as much.

The doctor's carriage has been there every day for a week.—[Lowell Citizen.]

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Too Generous—"Is your husband a very generous man?" "Indeed he is. You remember those nice cigars I gave him for a birthday present? Well, he smoked only one and gave all the others away to his friends."—[Epoch.]

First Editor (angrily)—I saw an ext-  
ended thing in your paper yesterday.  
Second Editor (with animation)—Hai!  
That so? One of my editorials? First  
Editor—No; a recipe for making lobster  
salad. It works like a charm.

Fatal Use of Slang.—She—How far is it from the sun to the earth, Mr. Good-  
catch? He—Now you've got me, I must confess. She—Oh, I'm so glad. I was afraid at one time that hateful Fan Smithers would get you.—[Terra Haute Express.]

At the Exhibition.—First Critic—  
Magnificent truth to nature! Don't you think so?

Second Critic—A real triumph of  
naturalistic art! Perfect! But what do you think it represents?—[Flagstaff Blaster.]

Knowledge is Power.—"Uncle Rastus, are you afraid of ghosts?" "Yessir, I doan' like ghosts." "Well, I merely wanted to warn you that my chicken house was haunted." "Haunted? No, sah, tain't. I done been dar 'fore dis, honey."—[Judge.]

Mr. Rich—I won't give anything for that purpose. His son-in-law—Now, come, be generous. I never knew you to give anything to the poor yet. "You didn't? Well I think I made the greatest sacrifice of my life to the poor when I gave you my daughter."

Mr. Jones—Business is so brisk and correspondence accumulates so that I fear I shall be obliged to employ an amanuensis. Mrs. Jones—Very well, my dear, get an amanuensis if you must; but I decidedly object to your having a woman in the office.

Fonderson—Had awful hard luck this evening. Tried with all my might to say something agreeable, but couldn't do it, somehow; so I bid them good night and went home. Fog—And so you did succeed in saying something agreeable at last? I congratulate you, my boy.

When a scientific lecturer in Kentucky declared that "the amount of water on the surface of the earth has been steadily diminishing for many thousands of years, a pink nosed individual on the back seat got up and hissed: "Well, colonel, you can't [sic] blame it on our people, anyhow."

His Lordship—There's no dodging it, you know, but one does miss the influence of a leisure class over here.

She—But we have a leisure class.

His Lordship (suspiciously)—I haven't met them. Who are they?

She—Our plumbers and messenger boys.—[Life.]

Judge—Are you guilty or not guilty? Prisoner—Not guilty. Judge (to witness)—How much was the stolen watch worth? Witness—Your honor, it was worth \$150. Prisoner (taking the watch from his pocket)—That shows that he can't be believed. Do you think that watch is worth \$150?

The farmer who makes his soil deep and rich with high culture and manure, and whose cattle are sleek and gentle, is the one who complains least about the depression of agriculture. There is depression, but it affects poor and unthinking farmers much more than the opposite class.

Do not try to make a specialty of wool and mutton at the same time. The best mutton breeds are not the kind of sheep for producing the choicer grades of wool. The size of the sheep does not affect its production of wool. The heaviest fleeces come from the Merino, which is the smallest breed of sheep now known.

Miss Clapp (Boston)—Do you think that Emersonian philosophy specifically applied has any material effect upon the terrestrial inconsistencies that clog and warp the esoteric development of our inner being? Miss Foote (Chicago)—I never gave the subject much thought. Mamma always uses flaxseed.

### SMILE PROVOKERS.

He (at breakfast)—Are you fond of fish balls? She (from the country)—Oh, I don't know; I never attended any.

"This ain't a dwarf. He's over five feet tall." "That's the great thing about him. He is the tallest dwarf in the world."

Heaven will be full of surprises, but none greater than when a man realizes that all his good intentions have put no value in his crown.

He (newly married)—I wish you wouldn't call me dear while we're in company. She—Why, Charles? He—Because it makes me feel so cheap.

I hear you went to the art photographer's to get your pictures taken. How did it come out? "Badly. It looks so much like me everybody says it's hideous."

Harold (A. B., Harvard, '88)—Maude, I love you. Will you be my wife? Maude (A. B., Harvard Annex, '88)—No, Harold, that can never be; but we shall always be brothers.

Rather Brod—Cholly—They say that excessive coffee drinking induces softening of the brain. Miss Snyder—I suppose you regret now that you have been such a slave to the habit.

The Want Supplied.—Poet—I have here some verses I would like to submit. They are not perfect I admit; perhaps they want fire. —Editor—You are quite right.

Up in Maine the husbands who kick vigorously if their wives ask them to carry home a package only three inches square, will carry home a big heavy "original package" without a murmur.

She (rapturously)—O, what is more enjoyable, more productive of ecstasy than a walk on a moonlight night? He (slyly)—I don't know, unless it's a walk on a night when there is no moon.

Husband (solemnly)—I see there is crap on the door opposite.

Wife—I have been expecting as much.

The doctor's carriage has been there every day for a week.—[Lowell Citizen.]

Timely Word.—Miss Cooney (at "the party")—"Why, Mr. Mokeby, yo's jus' dressed up to kill. Mr. Mokeby (feeling in his pocket)—Golly! Dat jus' reminds me, Miss Juliet; I've done lef' my razor to home."

Too Generous—"Is your husband a very generous man?" "Indeed he is. You remember those nice cigars I gave him for a birthday present? Well, he smoked only one and gave all the others away to his friends."—[Epoch.]

First Editor (angrily)—I saw an ext-

ended thing in your paper yesterday.  
Second Editor (with animation)—Hai!

That so? One of my editorials? First

Editor—No; a recipe for making lobster

salad. It works like a charm.

Timely Word.—Miss Cooney (at "the party")—"Why, Mr. Mokeby, yo's jus' dressed up to kill. Mr.

# CASH PAYING CUSTOMERS WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO TRADE AT C. O. FOLTZ.

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LAKE VILLAGE, ILLINOIS.  
MAINEVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.  
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**EVERYBODY READS  
THE ANTIOCH NEWS,  
BECAUSE IT IS THE BEST.**

For Sheriff.

ALBERT F. CONRAD, City Marshal of Waukegan, is hereby announced as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff of Lake County, subject to the will of the people, to be expressed by their votes this fall.

A FAIR SNAKE-CHARMER.

She Went Into the Business to Support  
a Lady Husband.

I saw in a Bowery dime museum, says a New York correspondent of the Boston Herald, a very beautiful girl charming snakes. She seemed one of the happiest mortals under the sun, the twinkle of her eyes and the gentle curl of her red lips indicating that her heart was as light as a bird's. When she lifted the huge striped and spotted snakes from their boxes and coiled them round her neck, arms and body, often letting their clammy scales press against her mouth, I was considerably shocked, and I wondered what circumstances of life could have possibly impelled a woman of such superior physical charms to adopt a repulsive profession of this sort. A young man very much under the influence of liquor was exhibiting the freaks in the museum, and, as the snake-charmer twined her pots around her, always smiling as though she enjoyed their embraces as well as if they were the arms of a lover, he recounted the history of the girl, saying that she was a Princess in Abyssinia, and that she preferred snakes to dolls as a baby. After the exhibition, and while the crowd was clustered about the wild men of Borneo, I ventured to ask a few questions of the snake-charmer while buying from her a photograph of herself. I began by the surest route to a woman's confidence, assuring her that a girl of her good appearance might easily be occupied better than sitting about all day in a dime museum.

"Oh, it is no choice of mine," said she, with a perfectly happy smile.

"Whose then is it?" I asked.

"My husband's," she replied. "That's he showing the freaks." I hate snakes, of course. I couldn't have touched one two years ago any more than you could. I got married, thinking I should be taken care of, but Jim is a worthless fellow and he can't support me to save him. I first went into the show business as a hair freak. I had my hair bleached yellow, and arranged it so it stood straight all over my head, but those things are only worth about ten dollars a week, and I began to look for something better. There was a snake-charmer sat next to me in the show in those days, and I began by touching the snakes with the tip of my finger. When I found out that they couldn't hurt me, on account of their fangs being taken out, I managed after awhile to get used to the feeling of them, and would handle them for my own amusement. The man that owned the snakes died, and just before he went he told me to take the snakes and to give exhibitions with them. The owner of the dime museum offered me twenty-five dollars a week if I would do the act, and so one night I stopped every bit of feeling in me, and stood up before the crowd and wound the things around me. I don't like them now, but I have grown almost indifferent."

"What do you stay in such a disagreeable business for?"

The smile faded from her face, and she snapped the silver snake bangle viciously on her wrist. "When you marry a brute," said she, "he makes a brute of you—that is, if you love him."

"And you love him?"

"Yes, once in awhile; when he is sober."

MARRIED ANOTHER MAN.

A Matrimonial Advertisement That Didn't Work Just as Intended.

An advertisement appeared in the London Advertiser a short time ago from a man residing at Temby Bay, named Ibbotson, in which he spoke of his desire to secure a Christian woman as a wife. Among those who read the advertisement was a widow residing at Port, mother of two children, who answered it. The gentleman wrote a reply, in which he described his house and worldly goods and explained that he desired some one to take charge of his household. The widow, after some correspondence, purchased a ticket to go to her prospective husband. She did not find things quite as she expected. The household consisted of the father and nine children, the youngest of whom was seven years of age. The children's mother had died insane and the charming widow was loath to complete the transaction which she had begun so bravely. She was stopping at Hilton, and the widow went thither to interview her, but the lady would not be seen at all.

This would be a sad ending were it not that another chapter yet remains to be told. A young man of Temby Bay heard of the lady being there, and that she had two little children, five and eight years old. He had a nice little talk with her Sunday, proposed marriage with her Monday, was accepted, and the wedding took place Tuesday. The widow says she has not made a mistake, even if it was a hasty action, for the young man in question is sober, respected and industrious. At last accounts Mr. Ibbotson was on his way to Bruce mines to meet another lady who had taken preliminary steps toward matrimony in response to the advertisement.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Mrs. John Little of Chicago, was visiting with her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. Neil, last week.

"Uncle" Charley Crittenden is still quite low; the fore part of the week he was resting somewhat easier, but is gradually growing weaker.

The latest official (?) order from the General Passenger department of the Wisconsin Central line reads: Residents of Antioch, coming from the city on the evening train Tuesday, should be sure the window is open, before throwing empty bottles through it.

The Lake County Agricultural Society Fair at Libertyville, closes Friday of this week, and a number of our people contemplate taking in the last day of the fair. Farmers who have passed through the busy season should take at least one day off of the farm and visit the fair, as many things of interest to them will be on exhibition.

A number of the members of Lotus Camp, M. W. A. of Antioch, contemplate taking in the meeting of the several Camps in Waukegan, next Monday, to talk over the meeting of the Head Camp to be held at Springfield, in Nov. All Woodmen who can conveniently do so, should attend the meeting at Waukegan, the 22d, inst., and have a voice in the deliberations of the local Camps.

The Good Templar Lodge will give a public entertainment and Basket Sociable at Chinn's hall Monday evening, Sep. 29th. A fine programme will be prepared for the occasion, consisting of songs, recitations, essays etc, and a number of new and original ideas will be carried out for the amusement of the people. The ladies, whether members of the order or not, are requested to bring lunch baskets, with lunch for two; these baskets will be offered for sale to the highest bidder, for cash only, and will be sold by one of Antioch's celebrated Auctioneers. The purchaser of the basket will share the lunch with the owner thus securing not only a good supper, but a partner—for the evening at least, if not for life. Remember the entertainment is open to the public and no admission price to pay, you simply buy a basket of lunch, and need not do that unless you desire to do so, therefore there is no earthly reason why you should not come.

The proceeds from sales will go for the benefit of the lodge. Come!!

## Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C. Sept. 8th, 1880. Politicians of both parties are disengaged with the methods of their respective Congressional Campaign committees, and strange to say, both of the committees are accused of doing the same thing, working in the interests of Presidential candidates for '82 instead of to elect members of the next House. Democrats say that Representative Rowell P. Flower of New York, chairman of their committee, is using the committee to organize a "bulwark" to make him the next Presidential candidate of his party; republicans say that Representative Holden, of New York chairman of their committee, is using the committee to push Speaker Reed's Presidential boom, and it is also said that Mr. Clarkson, who has just retired from the Postoffice department, is in charge of the Reed Boom, having concluded that Mr. Blaine whom he has been supporting for years would never again be a candidate.

Representative Kennedy's unparliamentary attack upon the majority of the Senate, and upon Senator Quay in particular, is still the principal topic of conversation here. His action is generally deprecated, even by those in sympathy with his abuse of Mr. Quay and the other Republicans in Senators for their postponement of the election bill. The speech was bad taste, and coming as it did just after the recent disgraceful scenes in the House it has added to the public feeling in favor of reform in the popular branch of Congress. The speech has not been printed in the Record, and it is understood that Mr. Kennedy will "revise" the objectionable portions before it is printed. But what good will that do; already the great newspapers of the country have scattered the language used broadcast. Revision is wanted, not of the speeches made in the House, but of the members and methods which are becoming entirely too common there. Common decency demands that an example be made by expelling the next man who is guilty of conduct not allowable among gentlemen, upon the floor of the House. If some such action is not taken it will continue to grow worse instead of better.

It is by no means certain that the Senate will act at this session upon the bills

which the House has already passed at the request of the Farmer's alliance and the Labor organization, although a strong effort is being made in their behalf. The tariff bill will not be finally disposed of until Wednesday, possibly Thursday of this week; then the anti-tariff bill will be the first on; the River and Harbor bill as reported from the conference committee is waiting for a chance, the House having adopted the conference report, and there are various other things which will antagonize the first named measures, making their chances dubious. Still, the influence of the Farmer's Alliance, which was strong enough to cause the Senate to vote to put binding-twine on the free list in spite of the opposition of those in charge of the tariff bill is not to be sneezed at.

The Lake County Agricultural Society Fair at Libertyville, closes Friday of this week, and a number of our people contemplate taking in the last day of the fair. Farmers who have passed through the busy season should take at least one day off of the farm and visit the fair, as many things of interest to them will be on exhibition.

Rumors concerning the investigation of Commissioner of Pensions Baum are flying thick and fast. One says the Commissioner has decided to resign, another that Secretary Noble has requested the President to dismiss him, and there are others which intimate that Representative Cooper, who is the accuser in the investigation, is preparing to make a startling exposure of certain questionable Real-estate transactions in which the Commissioner is involved. What makes many of these rumors believe in the action of the radical republican New York Tribune, which is widely read here, in almost daily printing attacks upon Baum's management of the pension office. Gen. Baum states in the most positive language that he will not resign. His position is certainly an untenable one, and "Corporal" Tanner would be exonerated for exhibiting a little "ghoulish glee" just now.

A bill has been introduced in the house for the retirement of the national bank circulation and the redemption in greenbacks to be issued for the purpose of the bonded indebtedness of the country. The cattle men have been given until December 1, to remove their stock from the Cherokee strip. This is an extension of two months.

Whether we are to have a recess, an extra session or a regular adjournment has not apparently been determined upon by the majority in Congress. In another week we shall probably know more about it.

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**SELF-POURING  
COFFEE AND TEA  
POTS.**

Patent out the 2nd by Royal's providing the 11th, illustrating. Does over quickly with the strength of living Tea, Bitter, at least 50 per cent. of Tea, or herbs. The Tea, Bitter, or other herbs, may be added to the water.

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To represent our well-known Nursery for to vend and carry on sale. Good pay weekly, a steady position with a career of our forty years standing, and a known responsibility. We want good, lively workers, and will pay well. Good references required. Apply quick, stating age. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Patented Sep. 3, 1889.

F. G. KENT, Patentee,  
**WADSWORTH, - ILL.**

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I hold letters of Patent on the MAUD S. CURRY COMB, I cannot sell to Manufacturers they want it all, not leaving me enough to hardly pay Patent expenses. It is the only Comb that is Scientific in principle, Comb and Brush combined; never clogs, wet, or dry, shedding mud water etc. The back move cleans it. Works equally as well in any condition, carrying dirt, water, vermin etc, ahead and off. Good for Scruff, mange, Heat-seabs, pink-eye, eruptions etc. Good for weeding, cleaning trees, cutting grass out of walks etc.

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FOR CIGARS, TOBACCO,

**Ice Cream,  
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And all Summer Drinks.

TRY OUR FINE CIGARS.  
G. P. MONTGOMERY,  
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For the Season of 1880.  
The undersigned with twenty-five years experience in this and adjoining counties in castrating horses and colts, again offers his service to those desiring them. References by the thousand if called for. Orders by letter or telegram promptly attended to.

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Harness Making & Repairing.**  
I keep in stock a full and complete assortment of everything in the Harness line, Horses Blankets, Whips, Trunks etc, ad guard  
WORK FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.  
LAB AT LOWEST PRICES.  
Stop in S. H. Russell's Hardware Store,  
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## CLOSING OUT SALE!

A \$1,000 STOCK OF GENERAL  
MERCANDISE

MUST BE SOLD IN 30 DAYS.

Holding to close out my entire stock in the shortest possible time, I will, for the next 30 days, offer unparalleled inducements to cash buyers, and will close out my entire stock, consisting of a full line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mittens, Embroidery, Fancy Goods, White Goods, Ribbons, Shirts of all kinds, Girls' Furnishing Goods, Ladies and Gent's Underwear, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, and all kinds of goods usually kept in a General Store.

Will be sold at Cost,

while many articles enumerated will be sold at from 25 to 50 per cent below cost. Everything must and will be sold in 30 days.

FOR CASH ONLY.

Come early while the Stock is Complete. Come with a little cash and a two-horse wagon and see what an immense amount of Goods a little money will purchase.

AT THE CLOSING OUT SALE OF

**BEN STONE,**

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## NEW DRESS GOODS,

Ready for your Inspection.

I WILL MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

**Fine Dress Goods this Fall,**  
AND ASK ALL TO LOOK OVER MY FINE SELECTIONS  
BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.

**A LARGER AND BETTER STOCK  
OF CLOTHING**  
THAN EVER BEFORE.

New Goods Have Just Arrived.

New Styles in Fall Hats, New lines of Boots and Shoes, a large variety in all lines to select from.

THE BEST TRADING POINT IN LAKE CO THIS FALL WILL BE AT

**C. O. FOLTZ,**

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**Dry Goods, Notions!**

CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, CARPETS, RUGS,

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS.

AND IN CONNECTION WITH OUR

**HARDWARE STOCK,**

WE HAVE ADDED A FULL LINE OF

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GARLAND COAL AND WOOD HEATERS, RANGES AND WOOD COOKS.

**MILK CANS!**

THE BEST MADE AND HEAVIEST STOCK  
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NAILS, PUTTY, GLASS, BUILDING PAPER ETC.

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Will attend to all kinds of Notarial Business etc.

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MISS LIZZIE FIDDLER,  
a first-class and experienced

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